GRAND VALLEY'S 1ST ALTERNATIVE NEWSPAPER

COHESION

THE FACEBOOK INSPIRED ISSUE

[ISSUE NO. 2] [OCT. 26 2010]

COHESION is a wholly democratic publication to promote creativity on the Grand Valley Campus. If you have a submission that you think is cohesive with Cohesion, give it a shot and you might be the next headliner in Cohesion.

WANTED

Do you have mad skills in Photography, Web Design, or other creative media? We want to hear from you!

COHESIONGV@GMAIL.COM

Or find us on Facebook! Just search Cohesion Grand Valley.

COHESION WARNING: Cohesion is not responsible for random fits of insanity, or the deflated blow-up doll in your shower. Just don't fall in love with her like Bronson did. We are also not responsible for the prison riot Bronson started, though we might condone it. We still don't understand his choice of a birthday suit for a Jail-fight, though the butter was interesting. Anyone have an answer?

Dear Cohesion,

For about the last six months, every time my boyfriend and I have sex, I can only climax when I think about the mentally retarded father played by Sean Penn in "I Am Sam." This can't possibly be healthy. What should I do?

–Weirded Out

Dear Weirded Out,

Believe it or not, there is nothing wrong with being sexually attracted to the mentally retarded. In the animal kingdom, the mentally retarded animals are actually the most sought after sexual partners. A study done in 2002 showed that a mentally retarded chimp will have 63% more sexual partners than a mentally sound chimp. Even in our own society, the mentally retarded are in charge of many corporations, religions and political parties. So it is natural for you to feel sexually attracted to them. You should embrace your inclinations, and you should most certainly not be weirded out. And know that you are not alone. If you look on the web, you'll find a cult following of people who've got it bad for Helen Keller. I would be more worried for people sexually attracted to Steve Buscemi or Heidi Montag.

Have A Question?
Send it to us:

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Aaron Schultz

FACEBOOK RANT

Hi.
My name is Aaron Schultz and this is a rant about facebook.
Presented to you on facebook.
My problem with facebook isn't the seemingly endless amount of hours it sucks from our precious lives.
It isn't the obnoxious amount of notifications you get from that one time you decided to like someone's profile picture.
Nor is it the poking…or the super poking.
No. It's the status updates.
And let me tell you why.
It's because people are losing the ability to communicate. Email, Texting, Facebook, Twitter, Tumblr; they're all contributing factors.
They are supposed to improve our communication, by making it more efficient, quicker, clearer.
Social Networking is what we like to call it.
But status updates have become the anthems of our daily lives.
We tell everyone when life sucks.
When nothing is going right and everyday seems more miserable then the last. We change our status.
And for what? For phony Internet sympathy from your friends to make you feel all-better inside.
We also like to use statuses to subliminally tell people that we're pissed at them… hoping they creep on our profiles enough to notice it.
Unchecked emotion folks.
My solution.
Stop doing that.
Stop doing that and start talking about it. Use the social networking for what it was intended for.
To…social network,
Sift through your friend list of 500, pick out someone who you actually like and tell them you want to talk over coffee. Real coffee… not Starbucks.
So what do you use the status update for?
Say something clever. Or funny. I don't know…
Just quit bitching about everything.

Founder of "Octophobics Anonymous" Changes His Fear
Game
Master Imp Protector

Bradley Covell of Walker, MI, recently was able to change his fear after a few months of therapy. Covell had originally thought that "octophobia" was a fear of octopi, when the official definition from phobias-r-us.com is "fear of the number eight."

"I had no idea," Covell said in an interview with Cohesion. "Here I thought I was surrounded by people who had the same problem as me. Turns out the only problem they had was counting to seven and then going straight to nine."

Covell was disheartened to learn this news, considering the amount of work he put into it's formation. "I brought in magazines, made powerpoints, and I even put in a few calls to octopus specialists. Those eight-legged freaks scare me to death. Or at least they used to." Since then, Covell has spent the past year training himself to fear the number eight so he could still be considered the founder of Octophobic Anonymous.

"I tried to use classical conditioning, and it was brutal. Every time I heard or said the number...(he declined to mention the number in question), my friend would show me horrific slides of an octopus. It was the worst."

Covell says the treatment has worked for the better. "Yes, I had to sacrifice some of my favorite things: watching Jon and Kate Plus [eight] and [eight] Mile, and listening to my favorite band, Ninety-

[eight] Degrees. But at least I have other people around me who understand my struggle, and I understand theirs."

Hope For The Unemployed
Precious
Kitty Litter Tester

Governor Granholm's groundbreaking plan for Michigan to "jump-start" the economy was announced last Friday at a small town police station's kittens-for-guns exchange. In an interview yesterday with our staff she summarized the plan by saying, "look, it's simple. Littering creates jobs."

Granholm went on to describe the business model, "whenever I finish my triple shot decaf grande soy latte, I always toss the container into the street, in nature, or on taxpayers. You see, this creates a job; someone is going to have to clean up my mess. This

means that local businesses will have to hire more employees, or else they will get a sanitary violation."

Granholm ended with a simple tagline, "The more litter, the more jobs."

The bill that will be voted on this winter is called, "Throw It Don't Stow It," which will make it illegal for households to own trash receptacles.

The City of Detroit is voluntarily integrating this policy as a "test-run".

Boy Falls Down Well, Builds Home
Blacklung
Fortune Cookie Writer

Jasper Ruthco of Willaby County Michigan was reported missing three weeks ago by his parents. After multiple search parties and a 24 hour bake-sale all hope seemed lost for finding the 10 year old boy. That was until noises began coming from the abandoned well only a quarter mile from the Ruthco's property.

"Sounded like a got-damned chicken fight in there, screams and hollerin', I swears I even saw some flashin' lights coming from down there, like a got-damned flyin' saucer," said Local Hillbilly Atticus Johnson. The fire department was called and sent a rescue team into the well to discover the source of the sound. Jasper Ruthco was found happy and healthy playing Halo deep in the surprisingly well-furnished bottom of the well.

"It was nicer than my house, I mean he has a flat screen, massage chair, ping pong table, walk in fridge. I don't even have fucking cable!" said Jack Jackson, one of the firefighters who discovered little Jasper.

Mr. And Mrs. Ruthco descend the 200 feet to reunite with their son who refused to come up to the surface. After a heart felt exchange, and a few more Halo matches, the boy agreed to return with his parents; as he put it "I was out of Mountain Dew, and the bathroom was getting a bit dirty.

Authorities are currently questioning the Ruthcos to determine whether or not they intended to create a publicity stunt, or if they are as incredibly unobservant as they seem to be.

Facebook Cliché Rant / Student Reading Series

Kendel Goonis

Hello, my name is Kendel. I have been a Facebook user—well, abuser—for about five years now. It's been a weird time, but I think I've learned a lot about myself in my time as a Facebook abuser. I learned that Chelsea Pezok should never be trusted with application requests. I've realized that my right side is best. I've also realized that it's unfair to judge my classmates before the semester starts and the roster arrives on Blackboard, mostly because I've come to the conclusion that I judge too much on their presented information and probably won't give them a fair shot come August 31. For example, I've come up with a few different categories of people as seen through my Facebook abusing eyes.

1. Hipster girl!: She's into sunflowers and gangster rap and Chuck Close. Her music and interest sections are blank, set aside in an Animal Collective reference in the "About Me" section. She's ironic because she probably spends the most time on making her Facebook profile look as barren as it is. Because she cannot be so easily put into a box. Her profile pictures have at least one cat in an Apple photobooth shot. Probably in black and white. She doesn't smile, not with teeth anyway, and her boyfriend is as gender ambiguous as she is. Because on Facebook, she wants to make a statement about gender. Because she's probably too high or lightheaded to actually do something real about it.

2. BROS: SO MANY DIFFERENT KINDS. There's the frat bro, of course, who is constantly throwing his chin up in his profile pictures while Icing another bro, while the next photo is of him playing ball with some urban youth as part of his organization's outreach program. Cause he's so concerned, yah kno, about like, the world. There's your Jersey Shore/Ed Hardy bros, who only shave their sideburns in order to glue them onto their balls. Seeing as they look more like Anna Nicole Smith than I ever could, and I have lady parts. Although their man-boobs/pectorals are nothing to cough at. In the book section? Usually something like, "WAT R BOOKS? I LIKE BOOBS." Including their own. There's your Ivy League bros, but we don't know what that means in West Michigan, so let's call them your U of M bros, Sperry boat shoes, khaki shorts and interests like Oxford Commas and Vampire Weekend. But really, in all honesty, they've never seen a black person before,

unless it was to get them to be interviewed for their Race and Society classes. And then they don't talk to them ever again. Obviously. Then there's your melting pot of ice hockey bros, Carhartt bros, etcetera, etcetera. They're all the same: they don't have brains and they don't have balls. Except for in drunken nights, recreating Jackass skits they thought were fucking badass.

3. Asians.

4. Your sorority gals: Now, you either have your Pan-Hellenic Sorwhores or your other sorority chicks, the ethnic ones. The Sorwhores usually enjoy, "The Notebook, and running, and GRAND HAAAAAVEN BECAUSE IT'S SO BEAUTIFUL and…I LOVE eating! It's like my favorite pastime. OH! And bananas. Because they're my favorite fruit. I love giving head. And…I love Kim Kardashian, because she's like a real woman, you know?"

The ethnic ones are only slightly less annoying—their info is littered with CAPS LOCK and different large-scale recreations of their Greek letters spanning the entire length of the page. See also: References to "TREY SONGZ VS. DRAKE" or a "Like" to the page "Black at Grand Valley: Bert Price is the only reason why I'm still here."

5. Socially Awkwards: Profile Pictures: One heavily pixilated photo of them at their last LARP (Live Action Role Playing) tournament and the rest—cartoons. Quotes from Yoda.

6. Delusional Disney Princesses: Overeager smiling. Statuses quoting Sara Bareilles and Kelly Clarkson lyrics. Photos of puppies.

I could go on for a while. There are so many unique categories to put everyone in, but at the end of the day, I still have a very sparse and ironic information section, a Storm Trooper in a profile picture, and I'm moderately Middle Eastern. I am a stereotype of another sort. I'm the worst of all of them. But at least I'm not a bro. And that is something worth celebrating.

New Organism Discovered in Dorm Fridge
Mina Pink
Professional Five-Year-Old

University of Michigan freshman Devon Derby is credited with finding a new bacterial organism growing on a piece of cheese in his roommate's mini-fridge. "I first became interested in the cheese when it started turning purple" said Derby. The Premed student was so curious as to the nature of the bubbly purple mold that he took a sample of the cheese to his Biology lab. His professor Dr. Benjamin Bane was intrigued by the unusual shape and color of the mold and encouraged Derby to observe it for several weeks. The observation got interesting when the sample started to grow. "I have never seen anything like this," Dr. Bane stated in an interview last Friday. "The mold actually started to… move." The sample was submitted as proof and was approved as a previously unknown species by the International Institute for Species Exploration. The mold is currently awaiting an official Latin name, but in the meantime Derby has nicknamed it "Sulky" after his roommate. "The entire biology department is very proud of Devon," boasted Dr. Bane. "Even though no one will come near the lab to view the sample due to the smell." When asked what he plans on doing in the future, Derby replied, "I have decided to experiment with breeding the Sulky, and seeing how it reacts to other foods. Right now I have big plans for a Twinkie."

Steve Jobs: More Generous Than We Thought
Reginald Watts
Official Spring Breaker

Steve Jobs has done it again.

In what might be the most applauded PR move of the decade, Steve Jobs sent all 33 of the saved Chilean gold miners a coupon for half off any iPod Nano with the purchase of another iPod of equal or higher value.

Since the miners' rescue, companies have been scrambling to send their products to the miners, who have been accruing some serious camera time. Apple was one of the first to send their gifts to the miners.

"Steve really wanted to give back to these brave miners. Without them, Steve wouldn't have a golden trough for his bullmastiff,

Matlock. Steve loves that dog, so helping these gold miners was top priority to him," Steve's tennis partner told Cohesion.

Since Jobs' precedent-setting PR move, other huge corporations have followed suit. McDonald's gave each miner a Happy Meal, Disney sent each miner their entire collection of classic Disney films on VHS. Harvard even offered full rides to any of the miners' children. However, 32 of the 33 miners are bachelors without children, and the 33rd miner's seven-year-old daughter suffers from severe mental retardation.

It's Complicated
Jason Michalek

"Rachel is in a relationship."
168 friends in common
And she dates some guy from Holland?
Beer can profile picture—
He's a real honor
To see with my high school,
Middle school,
Late night crush:
The kind you poke
In the back of the bus.
Now the pokes are trivial—
Removable—
Intangible.
There's such a distance,
I don't think that I can handle
All the pictures I've seen,
And she'll put up more.
I shouldn't know
Or care
If my sweetheart is... promiscuous.
So my time is consumed
With my constant stalking.
I find myself staring
At real people talking.
My e-lationship never leaves me elated.
While I'm not quite single,
It's... y'know.
But I can't explain what it is
About Me,
So just catch me later
And we'll chat.
It's so stupid!
You really think
Robert Perry,
Aka "Ottawa Dude,"
Is worth more of your time
Than someone who'd choose
To memorize your favorite movies
And learn all the names of your friends?
Well you're probably right.
I guess I'll log off and call it a night.
I could use another week of vacation.
What do I care about your new relations?
So I wish you two all the best.
As I refresh,
Top news: "Rachel is single."

Realist Horoscope
Reed Bramble

Aries:
Your three-hour lecture today will be 1.3 times as boring as you expect it to be. Your dog will poop in the backyard, somewhere near the second tree on the left. Your roommate will continue the Thursday trend of waking up at 11 o'clock, making scrambled eggs, and using your silverware for the fifty-sixth time.

Taurus:
Today, you are destined to accomplish fifteen minutes of the two hours of homework you have to do. At some point your face will go completely numb. But don't get too worked up about it. It'll only last a second or two. Your mom still hates that you don't have a job.

Gemini:
On this day, you will go to a party at an apartment where you do not know the host. You will get drunk. You will go home without ever meeting the host, yet you still will be satisfied with your journey. Your hangover is destined to suck.

Cancer:
Your mom will go back in time and have an abortion shortly after your conception. Therefore, this horoscope was actually not meant for you, since you no longer exist. Therefore, this horoscope doesn't exist either.

Leo:
You will not be any better at the guitar than you were yesterday. You will forget for the sixteenth consecutive day to call a representative to get your wireless internet fixed. You will eat some lettuce that actually went bad four weeks ago, and you will have no idea.

Virgo:
Today, your significant other will surprise you at your apartment, only to yell at you for playing the latest installment of Halo rather than spending hours together in deep conversation. You will shut the refrigerator door so hard that the freezer door pops open, and all of your ice cream will turn to soup.

Libra:
That grocery list you forgot to make will surely come back to bite you. Your parents love your younger brother more because he is clearly more athletic, attractive, and intelligent than you ever were or are going to be. If you read this before you started eating, then you might want to avoid the sushi in Kirkhof. But's it too late, isn't it?

Scorpio:
Today, you will pretend to have enjoyed the Jason Derulo concert even though you didn't, primarily because you spent most of September telling your friends that he was actually a legitimate musician. You will trip on your way onto the bus. Everyone will think it's funny, but no one will laugh or smile, because everyone on the bus is a heartless human being with no soul.

Sagittarius:
Today, you are seriously not worth it. And you know it.

Capricorn:
On this day, you will go to a magical land where the trees are made of candy and unicorns are abundant. The sun and the moon are best friends and both have big smiley faces. Wherever you walk, rainbows will sprout from your footsteps. (the shrooms wear off eventually, but I won't ruin the experience for you)

Aquarius:
Today, you realize that you are going to be in school for much longer than four years pursuing a major that will likely get you nowhere. 1/10 of the United States population is unemployed. The average time needed to find a job is 35.2 weeks. 66 percent of the income growth between 2001 and 2007 went to the top 1 percent of all Americans. And that ain't you, bud. Happy living!

Pisces:
On this fantastic day, when you grab the coffee pot, there will be a spot of mold floating in your Colombian roast. No, I didn't know coffee could mold, either. Your anticipation of the upcoming season of "Dexter" will be tragically crushed when you realize that your cable provider doesn't get Showtime. I am so, so sorry. But let's be honest, it kind of sucked after Season 1.

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WE WANT YOUR STUFF!

Satire, Poetry, Rants, Opinions

Or whatever else you want to contribute!

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